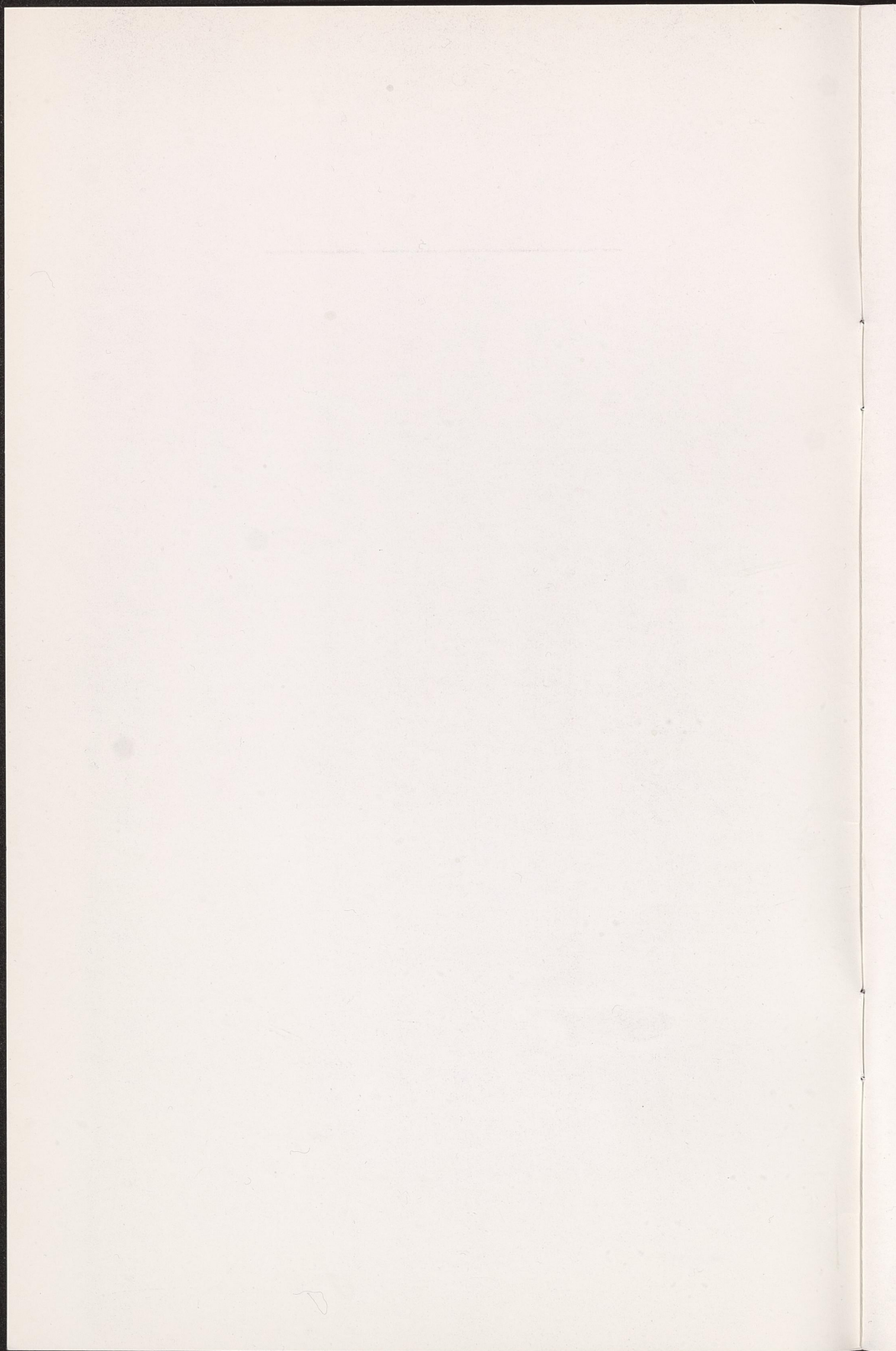


1994

# HALLMARKS







WE ARE PROUD TO DEDICATE THIS ISSUE TO  
DR. DERAH MYERS.



We are pleased to dedicate this issue of Hallmarks to Dr. Derah Myers for your years of dedicated teaching. You have been an inspiration to many students, and we thank you for sharing your knowledge and insight with us. Most of all, we congratulate you and receiving your doctorate – you definitely deserve it. we love you.

Cover photo by: Halle Hayes



## AWAY

The three young ones simply wanted to be away. To a place where bodies are as free as unspoken thoughts and reality doesn't ever crash sand castles of hope like high tide before a storm.

Where mothers make you grilled cheese sandwiches, diagonally cut, with two handfuls of chips, without the ridges, and one Capri-Sun on a fresh white paper plate with the bumpy rim like a pie crust all served outside on the patio table.

To a place where the swingset is never orange with rust and the waterguns are blue and red and green plastic fitting perfectly in your hand so you could always play a great game of Commando War with the neighborhood kids. Where hoses were "bases" and it was one family against another, so the "only" children usually were "killed" first, by the twosomes, threesomes and four-somes that could surround and attack.

Where brothers allow you to follow them and be their personal butler named 'Jeeves', fetching them water in plastic McDonalds cups with pictures of E.T. on them and collecting snails from behind the hedges to feed to the turtles they found crossing the street; and you could be in their room as long as you gave them one dollar, in nickels, not pennies, and you have to promise not ever to move or speak.

A place where the wire diamond fence outlines the backyard and you can spend hours swinging back and forth, back and forth, to go up those last two inches so you can reach that maple leaf, and you can gather sticky pine cones in the taller than tall mini-forest of pine trees that keeps the back fence from getting lonely.

And where the magnolia tree in the front yard, next to the curvy part of the driveway, is the challenge of your life, because if Michael from next door can climb it, so can you, and when you give up you can go play Star Wars with his little sister, Elizabeth, because she's younger than you, and so you can always trick her into being Chewbacca or Yoda.

Away to a place where families picnicked, and the swimming pool was plastic and was easily stored in the garage during Fall and Winter, and Sesame Street was the only thing a T.V. was good for, and time was whether it was light or dark outside. A place where riding in the basket at H.G. Hills was the best thing ever and the most perfect toy in the world was the red plastic ball at the very top of the bin at TARGET.



A place filled with Apple Jacks, flat bottomed Chocolate Chip ice cream cones, pink seated bikes with baskets and training wheels, jelly shoes, My Little Pony, popsicle thick pieces of chalk for the driveway, unmake-up'd faced friends, tractor tire sand boxes, pre-Micro Wave meals served every night, and everyone believed in the magic of Care Bears and the stories of Disney.

HALLE HAYES (12)

Jennifer Crants (11)



## PASSAGES

High School  
Is a series  
Of events  
That can be Neither  
Retold nor  
Relived  
The journey through friendship  
To maturity  
To the joining of the soul  
  
The lives that pass through  
Return  
In vague resemblences  
To the pictures at the lion gate  
We studied until the late hours of the morning  
For one test  
A practice repeated  
Every other week  
For four years  
It isn't the foreign language  
Or the poetry  
Or the dance  
It's the effect they have  
On our souls  
And for four years  
We will have complained  
That the test was too hard  
That the grade was too low  
That someone did better

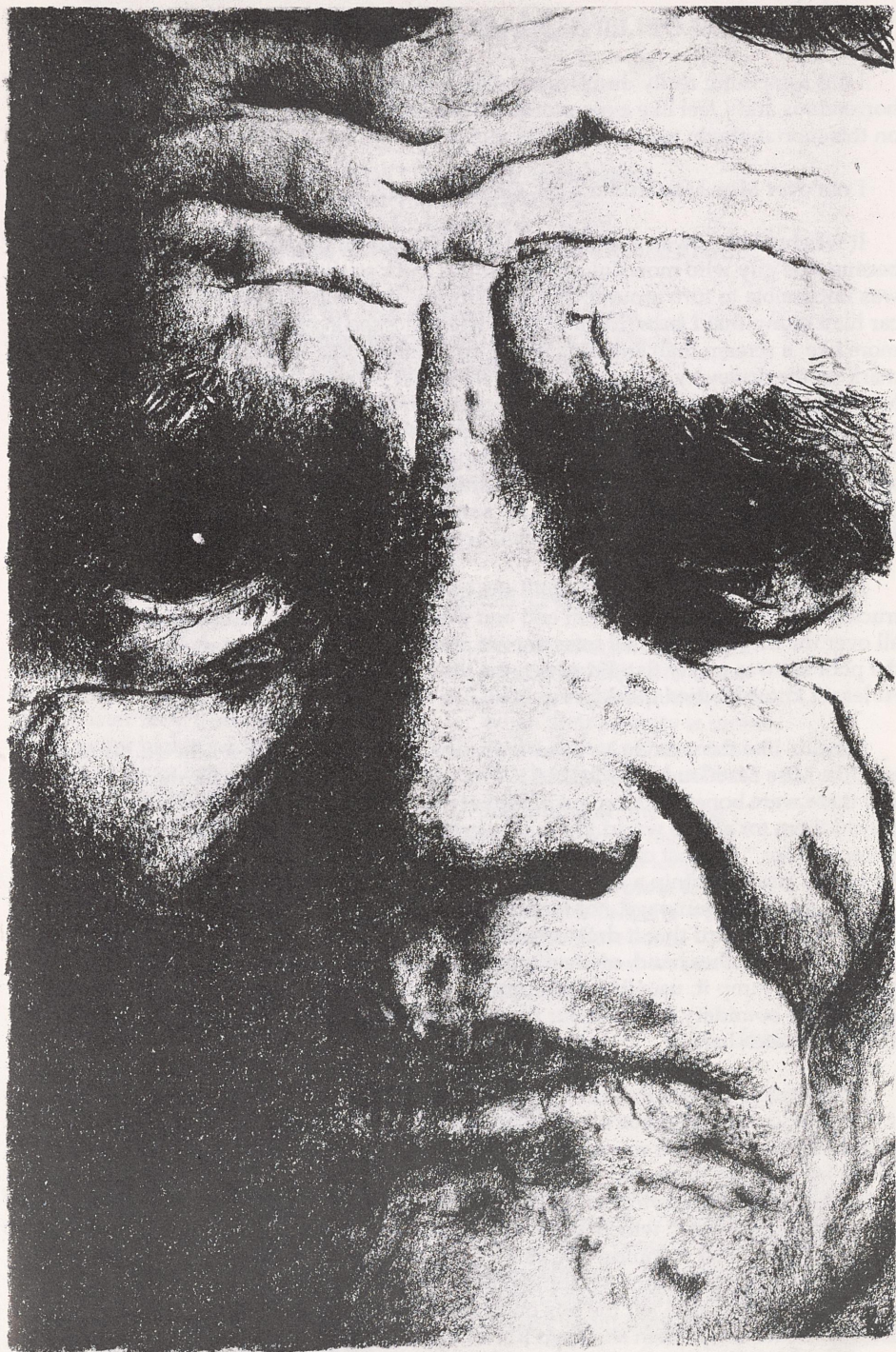
But when it's all over  
And the new door is opening  
And the names painted on the wall  
Are about to be  
White washed away  
Forever  
We will gladly step forward  
Sheltered and white  
To the new experience  
The passage of time  
Has led us to finish  
Our journey through the lion gate.



## 24 HOURS

The farm girl milks her last cow to the beat of the rising sun;  
The homeless face stares blankly at the people passing on the sidewalk;  
The boy boards the bus with his new .22 caliber gun thinking "no one's gonna mess with me now."  
The fifteen year old mother looks shyly at her new baby while she misses yet another day of high school;  
The father kisses his wife before work and slips into his BMW to make a deal or two;  
The movie star slowly rises and puts on her face for whoever will look;  
The alcoholic takes another drink to drown the day away;  
The carpenter nails in the final board while the sun blares down on his sweaty, red back;  
The middle aged man stands hopelessly in the unemployment line holding a cigarette;  
The drug dealer drives by in his black Mercedes wearing dark sunglasses—the rap can be heard a block away;  
The prostitute waits nervously for the results of her AIDS test;  
The chef sprinkles cilantro;  
The homosexual walks into his office where his identity remains a secret;  
The distraught boy frantically struggles for the correct answer to the teacher's question;  
The sleepy girl carefully places her tooth under the pillow and overnight, with a little magic, it becomes a quarter;  
The boy rollerblades down the street with his dog panting behind;  
The old man has a heart attack;  
The new kid is beaten up after school—his Air Jordans stolen from his feet;  
The old woman clasps her dry, wrinkled hand on the cold metal bar to help her board the bus;  
The unknown face paces as the city turns to twilight.





KIMBERLY IRION (10)



## MADELEINE MACGRUDER (PART III OF V)

I did something really dumb today. Dumb and stupid and awful and terrible and horrendous and I feel like a piece of dirt. I am just about as low as it is possible to get on this mortal plane.

I ran over Miss MacGruder's cat, Othello.

It was horrible; I was pulling out of the driveway in the truck; backing out actually because the guy who mows our lawn had his truck parked in the driveway so that it was impossible to turn around. All of a sudden there was this awful yell and then the car hit a bump that I *knew* hadn't been there just a second ago and then another yell, more like a scream than anything else. I put on the brake so fast I think I left a black mark on the driveway and got out; that weird old woman who lives next door, Madeleine MacGruder, was running toward me with a broomstick or something in her hand, screaming bloody murder. I wasn't quite sure what I'd done, or what was going on, so I started running at her, too, and she grabbed me by the shoulders and started shaking me, really hard, screaming something that sounded like Shakespeare at me. Miss MacGruder is certifiable, that's for sure; but I guess this time she had a right to be hysterical, because Othello was smeared across my right front tire.

I didn't know this, of course, until she turned me around and pulled me toward the truck; I took one look at the front end and saw black shiny fur and black shiny blood all over the driveway and all over my tire and I think I screamed, too. What was left of the poor cat was pretty flat; I'd gotten the little sucker head on, God only knows how. At least I know he died quickly, but I feel like such a piece of dung...

Othello, like the woman he lived with, was always more than a little off his rocker, and like Miss MacGruder, he looked it. His tail was much too long for the rest of him, and there were bones sticking out of him at odd angles, even before my wheels displayed them for all the world to see. The green eyes that were constantly squinted weren't "wise," as most cats' are supposed to be; Othello constantly looked as though he'd been into the catnip a little too much, and the evil gleam in his eye was that of a mass murder on a rampage, not a calculated killer like the Berrys' Blackie, who once bit my ankle so hard that it drew blood and had to have its jaws pried out of my foot. Othello, on the other hand, seemed to have no premeditated plan of attack; if it moved, he'd jump it, usually from the cover of the scraggly boxwood bushes that marked the boundary between our property and Miss MacGruder's, and his attacks never did much harm.

I think maybe it was that cat's ineffectiveness that made me feel so bad when I hit it. The look on my neighbor's face when she was just standing her, staring at the squashed remains of her roommate, made me want to sink into the ground, hopefully to end up in Hong Kong and never have to show my face in this neighborhood again in this lifetime. I kept trying to apologize, but she never said anything, just walked off without saying a word, which was weird after she'd been screaming at me. So I called Anne to tell her that I wouldn't be able to make it after all, rolled the car off of Othello, and cleaned up the remains, wrapping them into a black shoebox by dint of a small shovel and a dustpan. I left the box on her doorstep, with a note attached; I hope she decides to pick it up when she finds it. Her cat needs to put to rest.



## HINT OF SPRING

The sun sets behind me  
as I watch shadows capture trees  
and all of the sun drenched colors soak into shades of grey.

Winter hasn't quite released its clench  
as spring rises from its sleep.  
Its time to die has come again  
and it makes its last stand to hold off Springtime's birth.

Winter still controls the wind  
and the cold strikes against my face.  
The gentle Spring breezes cower and fade  
as the blue sky drifts away.

The head from my body seeps into the dark ground  
and I feel Winter's cold.  
I leave with the sun  
and the orange sky stretches wide.

*Jennifer Crants (11)*

## ON THE PORCH SWING

Sitting on the porch swing  
trying to swing high enough  
to reach the ceiling with  
their Buster Brown shoes.  
They swing higher and higher.  
They stop when her mother  
comes out and tells them  
to stop before they get hurt.

On the same porch swing,  
they hold each other tight  
until someone turns on  
the porch light.  
Her mother comes out and  
tells them to stop and once  
again she worries someone  
will be hurt.

Back on that swing hand in  
hand watching their twins  
playing HeMan in the yard.  
When their serenity is broken  
by the shouts of her mother  
who has fallen and is hurt.

Still sitting on the swing  
too weary to fly high like  
once they did so long ago.  
From another place she hears  
her mother call; she will  
meet her there soon.  
In a place where no one  
ever gets hurt.

*Jamie Taylor (10)*

## PIERCÉD EYES A PASSION SONNET

Thy piercéd eyes imagine his love true  
O'Heavens above forgive my vision,  
He thrusts my souls full of radiant hues  
Take this love of the devil, be it gone.  
I beg, transform my Love, my earthly Lust  
make this false, weak Love to cease abrupt.  
Release my soul's impurities, I trust  
my heathen mind removes these thoughts  
corrupt.

Send me truth and purity of a Love,  
unveil the beauty and grace from our souls  
which unifies passion and stars above,  
And fuses our Love together as whole.  
Purify Lust and body together;  
Let Love again cross my path forever.

*Jennifer LaRue (11)*



## WANNA BE

I wanna be grunge  
I wanna be Seattle  
I wanna be in  
That big herd of cattle

I went to the city  
With lights galore  
Wearing only flannel  
With a little velour

Pearl Jam is cool  
And so is Nirvana  
I went to their concert  
And smelled marijuana

I sat on the couch  
And watched MTV  
I saw a Buzz Clip  
And said, "wow that's for me!"

I try to be different  
I try not to be me  
I guess you could call me  
A grunge wanna be.

*Marla Mazer (10)  
Ashley Horne  
Mary Dudley*

## ART

A bunch of lines  
One Big Squiggle  
Many Colors

It looks just like a picture  
my nephew Johnny drew  
when he was four years old.

It sold for \$ 9,350 dollars.

It was called art.

*Holly Meadows (9)*

## HANDWOVEN CLOTH

I was walking behind them through the back streets of a small town a little south of Paris, France. Two beautiful French girls and one French boy. There was a soft sweet drizzle of rain falling upon our heads, and the boy held an umbrella to shield his hair from the minute droplets. I couldn't help but feel like an outsider in their magnificent culture, so I just watched them in awe. In the darkness of the night, the two girls held hands and sang a French song together loudly, wonderfully, and then the boy joined in. I was witnessing the beauty of friendship, something I had never seen or experienced before in America, and I wished that I could belong in a friendship so meaningful. People had always told me that the French were tightly knit and didn't open up to outsiders, and that's what I was, and outsider. But as I opened myself to their ways, I found that there was a little room open for my thread to be woven into their cloth. So it changed me into a more beautiful person, and I can sing their song now. What a beautiful thing true friendship is, and what a stunning cloth we wove.

*Anjali Shenai (11)*



## FIRST AND LAST

He shook in his bed,  
almost moving the floor.  
anticipation had awoken his heart  
like the bay of the hounds  
aroused the field.

He could not help  
running to the stable.

Barely five, he was being initiated  
into a giant's sport.

Choked by his riding costume,  
helping hands threw him into the saddle.

Father by his side in pink,  
relaxed atop the chestnut mare,  
head bowed.

To God they searched  
for the safety of His hunting creatures.  
One blow on the triumphant horn  
sent the hounds and field  
racing through withering trees.

Onto an open hillside they rode—  
he was in the first flight;  
he gazed  
with awe at the curled red fox.  
The animal had been sunning itself  
on the crisp November afternoon.  
He saw the white tipped tail

before the dogs found the scent.  
The hounds pointed:  
they were awakened  
by the smell.

They knew what would happen:  
the running until the legs shook,  
the swerving through fence rows,  
the ending of lost trails.

They knew but he only saw  
the red fur shimmering  
in the breeze and sun.

He grew older; he initiated me.  
Teaching me the logic of foxes,  
we rode til the breath died  
within his chest.

The fur turned the grey of a coyote.  
The sun was setting;  
the March evening wrapped  
the last ray.

The shaft of light fell on the grey body.  
The hooves of our two horses were  
coerced  
to quicken their pace up the hills.  
The coyote has gone with my sun,  
his life and his anticipation.

Katie Sloan (11)

## NOW AND THEN

Then, she charmed the charmers,  
harmd the harmers,  
farmed the farmers,  
None escaped her gentle eyes.

Then, she loved the lovers,  
pushed the shovers,  
stole the covers,  
Told the truth and lied the lies.

Now, they shake and shiver,  
quake and quiver,  
rake the river  
Searching for their sacred prize.

Now, the breezes shiver,  
wavelets quiver,  
rock the river,  
Gently closing tired eyes.

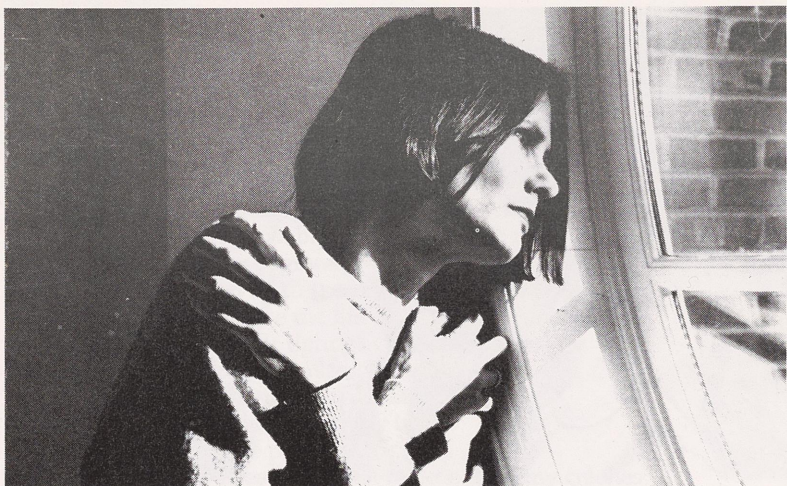
Sarah Chisolm (10)



## "STAINED GLASS"

I wish the dead would show their face  
and tell me what is real  
I pray here at these altars  
with my eyes closed as I kneel  
Those hypocrites, the words they spit  
they knew just what to say  
"Make amends, repent your sins—  
You'll go to Hell someday"  
Shame reduced me, words seduced me  
serpents told their lies  
They deceived and I believed  
those fearless haughty eyes  
Minds were pondered, shrines were squandered  
looking up the truth  
I bear the cross, they smirk and toss  
I burden them with proof  
A life to pay, a scale to weigh  
I cannot run and hide  
God's the Maker and the Taker  
the One who will decide  
Those lying fools, they make up rules  
and say they speak for God  
They soon forget and turn their heads  
on lessons they just taught  
Some will hear and some will fear  
their wicked prophecies  
Twisted candles, hidden scandals,  
and melting calvaries  
The Bible's sworn with pages torn  
and thrown into the fire  
Words are lost, the scripture's tossed  
they capture with desire  
They set their sight in black and white  
their minds are caged with steel  
I eat the bread and drink the wine  
my soul begins to heal  
A sacred place, I paint my face  
in black and red and white  
I dance barefoot around a fire  
flaming in the night  
I hear drums beat with tribal feet  
it all seems so bizarre  
Healing hands in native lands  
found beneath the stars  
I'm searching for myself and God  
and something to believe  
Everywhere I look there's signs  
but what does all this mean  
I beg the Lord to answer me  
the only words I say:  
"Hold my hands and understand—  
and show my soul the way."





HALLE HAYES (12)

## DEPRESSION

Like cement in water, I fell.  
The lofty heights from where I danced,  
and sang, and played have disappeared  
like morning dew under the blazing noon sun.

Trapped in the darkness of myself, I cower.  
Always looking for the corner in a circular room.  
Wanting only the sunlight I once had although the  
reasons why now escape me.

The blazing sun turned from me  
and now has dwindled to a small candle  
balancing in the loose sand a moment before  
the dark sea swallows it in high tide.

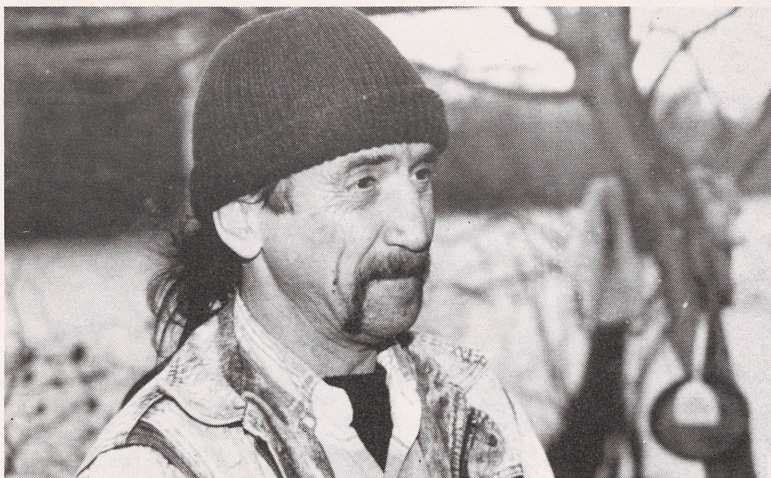
Memories of the dancing, singing, and playing  
are as distant as a dying star in the farthest galaxy  
in the farthest sky a billion years ago.

The darkness within consumes me  
and leaves not even a skeleton of laughter  
that once flowed easily from my now ever looming  
silence.

I have been lost like a tear in the sea.

*Jennifer Crants (11)*





SUSAN CORBETT (12)



ANNA RUTH BROWN (12)

## THE SUSPECTED SILENT

There she stood thought to be the thorn  
on the blood red rose.

She was not the blood drawing one;

They were the pieces of shattered glass.  
Her reserve poisoned their gaudy society  
with an aura of intelligence.

They had become sugar coated arsenic  
whose sweet taste lay a trap for the  
innocent.

She is like the unicorn trusted virgin,  
gentle and solitary from introversion.

Elegantly she hung along in thought  
not one movement escaped her  
omniscient eye.

They saw a duplicitous mind from her  
silence,

but beneath the surface beat  
the holy heart of an angel.  
A true angel among false serphims.

Katie Sloan (11)



## WINGS

Each day the questions are posed.  
It could never be me.  
Refusing to accept gifts from others,  
I found an endless misery in questions.  
Deleting the idea of God  
because he probably didn't ever love me  
was only the beginning of the rejection,  
my rejection of all those who came close.  
Those who gave me life  
because of their tight grip on my desires.  
Those who surrounded me daily  
because of their hurtful motions,  
and those who shared my love  
because I hate pain.  
All the bruises on me have come from my crashes  
and my wings have been put away.  
I don't want to fly anymore.  
If heaven is above the clouds,  
why aren't angels walking around up here?  
I don't want to see it again,  
to experience that free fall again.  
No more landings, no more take-offs  
until I belong to someone who will  
take me through the dome that encloses us  
in this world of restrictions and obstacles.

*Anjali Shenai (11)*

## THE HAUNTING (A Sonnet)

Last night I saw you shadowing my dreams  
But then it all began to fade away  
I see a part of you in everything  
And feel you pass right through me everyday  
Today when I was lying in the shade  
The hushing wind mistaken for your breath  
Enough confusion to intoxicate  
But not enough to fill the hand of death  
Remember when you kissed me like a lover  
And like a wounded soul my passion bled  
This silence is the bitter pill I swallow  
Your ghost is taunting me inside my head  
And though I dreamt that you would always stay  
You thought my heart was getting in the way.

*Carrie LaBrec (12)*



## WOLFPACK

Silence, unchanged  
by the pouring rain.  
In the moonlight stands a wolfpack  
wailing in pain.  
Hunger rages through them  
drawing them to town  
where babies and mothers  
are sleeping in gowns.  
Stomachs and toes  
bundled up tight  
not seeing what's coming  
in the darkness of night.  
Crash through the windows,  
glass shatters and falls:  
There's no room for mercy  
when nature's ways call.  
Torn in the cradle,  
mothers in shreds,  
the satisfied jaws  
leave them  
for dead.

*Anjali Shenai (11)*

## FREE

I want to live in a trailer in the middle of Iowa. Just me and my cat, and a guy named Joe. The trailer would be out in the great wide open where you don't see a car for two days and it's a real trip to drive to the nearest town. The fields would grow oats that blow in the wind when the sky is real blue and the sun shines high above. The trailer would be decorated in sunflowers with one of those velvet pictures of the King by the door. Me and Joe would raise chickens and buy our clothes at the fleamarket or Wal-Mart. Sometimes I'll fix deviled eggs and onion rings and blackberry cobbler and fried chicken with gravy for Joe. Then we'll sit outside and watch the plastic flowers spin in the breeze and think about how lucky we are.



*JULIE ASBURY (12)*

*Leslie Freeman (9)*



## THE CHILD IN THE PICTURE

I was wearing the same jumper that I used to wear whenever I wet my pants. I remember I loved that pink and white checked jumper. I was four. It was a sunny day, and we had decided to go to the field of daisies across the street from my house in Memphis. My face expresses much of the delight in that day. The sun's rays bounced off the flowers as I trotted along through an abundance of petals. I am in midlaugh! It is as though invisible hands tickle my pudgy body while I make no attempt to contain my laughter. I recognize that child in the photograph.

She has no idea of her future. She does not care. It is this moment that she wants. It is the color, the texture, the feeling of running through flowers that fascinate the child. She has no other concern. She wants to be set free in a jungle of flowers like all the fairy tales her mommy has read to her. Her tummy shook beneath the jumper. She did not think. She did not stop. Nothing was in between her and her flowers.

She looks familiar to me yet seems far away. The time when I had no concerns about tomorrow are long past now. In its place are the memories of a jubilant childhood. These recollections live inside of me, the child in the



photograph. I am that child still. I want to be set free in a jungle full of flowers like in all the fairy tales. I still let myself roar with laughter, perhaps a little too much. Often times, I think I am still wearing that pink and white checked jumper. I feel as though I should still have golden ringlets on top of my head.

LINDSEY ORCUTT (12)

Holly Whetsell (12)



## UNDER A CLEAR NIGHT SKY

In Red Boiling Springs, TN the air is cold at night. The fifth grade class was gathered around the warm campfire to take the bite out of the spring evening. It was a huge fire that left everyone's face bright and hot. I lay with my stomach to the chilled ground. My arms felt the clumps of grass growing from the cool dirt in front of me. My eyes were heavy from the throws of the day as I watched my small fingers pick at the stringy grass.

"Going caving's the best!" Wilson's eyes danced like stars as he explained his adventures in the cave today.

"There were these bats! They were hanging right over your head, but I wasn't scared!" As I lay there listening to him, somebody else was talking, one of the leaders, but I didn't care. I was only listening to and watching Wilson. His already red hair shone from the reflection of the blaze as he said,

"Maybe tomorrow we will go creeking together?"

"I'd love that." I said as the fire popped and a few logs fell into the flames. "This has been a great trip. I've had a lot of fun with you."

He looked down at his hands, "Yeah, this day has been great."

"I'll probably never forget this bonfire." As I spoke those words, I looked at the fire and then at him. I thought, as I watched the shadows on his face, how I really would never forget this fire. I had a feeling of something lasting: a feeling that warmed my stomach and made me step back and look at what I have. This is what love is under a clear night sky.



NIKKI VOYSEY (12)

Kimberly Irion (10)

## WATCHING TIME

With straps tensed and secured, I constrict  
the veins of life within your body.

You can not escape my face. Look into my eyes:  
I know how you desire and crave my presence.

I am your addiction—  
Life is nothing without me.

My hands unveil the moments where the  
sun, moon, and even the infinitesimal, insignificant you  
exist on our endless earth.

My hands lunge to grasp the numbers  
that represent, symbolize your reality.

You may try to release my fitted grip  
or even allow me never to hold you in the first place;

But, whatever you decide,  
Understand that you will never fully know the length of  
your life—without my continuing glance.

Jennifer LaRue (11)



## AT THE MOVIES (A Sonnet)

Six dollars I paid for this ripped ticket.  
Walking past all the glass enclosed posters,  
I head to my uncomfortable seat  
With a large Coke aimed for my drink holder.

The theater, of course, is a Carmike.  
I passed through a crowd talking in whispers.  
After sitting, the twinkling lights turned dark,  
And again I'm surrounded by strangers.

As usual, the room reeked of popcorn.  
I settled back for the opening scene,  
And here I surrender my afternoon:  
An endless stare at a twenty foot screen.

My attention is peaked by the previews  
Looking forward to all that'll be new.



*Jennifer Crants (11)*

*VADIE TURNER (11)*



*NIKKI VOYSEY (12)*



## ACROSS THE CITY

He asks if I have brothers:  
"none," I answer  
My face sincere with truth  
not recognized as false,  
Ignoring the older child across the city.

Living with a foster mother,  
Yet weekly calling the woman  
Whose voice speaks to him in dreams,  
He possesses a mother unable to care for the child  
That was granted adversities only angel's souls can bear.

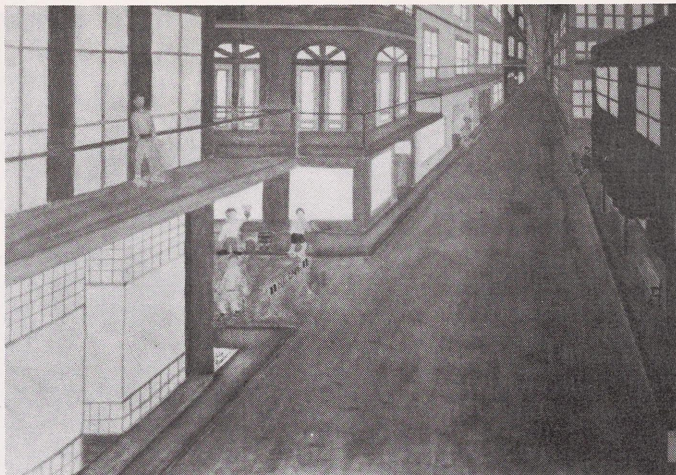
Called "hopelessly retarded,"  
He was my mother's first child twenty years ago;  
Never laid by her side after birth,  
His encephaletic head and still bloodied body were put aside  
till the doctors' pessimistic prophecies of survival would come true.  
It was only through demanding tears that he was shown,  
A body bruised by birth and by a future of trials  
more numerous than Hercules'.

Possessing eyes that see shadows,  
And limbs deaf to his demands,  
His brain is faced with severe sickness.  
As his sister of six years later,  
I would stumble over the words for his troubles  
when revealing to friends why Jonah's speech only reached their ears  
as clearly garbled syllables.

When told the glories of institutions by doctors,  
My mother never reiterated the amens of nurses.  
She knew he required a love times two,  
One mother ignorant in his needs yet unconditional in heart,  
The other special in education and spacious in love.  
Descending into lives unknowing of her abilities,  
Linda would give herself to the child that calls her 'Ina.  
She is the mentor to a man forever a child.

In reliving Jonah's journeys,  
Not in the belly of a whale  
But in the mouth of a swallowing world,  
I acknowledge my own unforgivable sin.  
I denied my brother a life and forgot my love for him.  
But soon this same love slaps me into tears and a quietness,  
Which drives the stranger,  
Ignorant of my shame,  
Away





LEILA HOLSHER (10)

## WANDERING

The trees had withered  
to their bare bones.  
There is a winding path  
through the fields to the rock fort,  
cold stone faces surround  
the creek that divides two fields.

I lie down, staring up at the sky.  
The clouds move quickly  
like rafts in blue rapids.  
Oman's voice drifted  
from my head to the air.  
Days spent here wasted  
nothing of our lives.

We dangled our small white feet  
in the water and talked  
about G.I. Joe and Rainbow Brite.  
Dad passed on the whirring tractor  
Spooking the horses who grazed in the fields—  
They rumbled past our calm.  
Becoming tired they sipped  
water from the creek.

It lapped coldly  
against our warm ankles.  
We were Indians  
bathing our feet,  
creeping along the creek bed;

He wanted to be a warrior  
like Geronamo,  
and I  
I wanted to be a princess  
like Pocahontas

My hair in braids,  
wishfully black.  
My knees green and brown  
from earth and moss,  
The current I tried to clean  
them with  
was better as a weapon.  
My had was the bow,  
shooting the arrows.

Hours would pass in wars  
and our drenched clothes weighted us down  
as we jumped from rock to rock.  
Tired and wet we lay down  
and stared at the sun.

The horses gallop past me,  
spooked by a tree owl.  
Sitting up my daydream ends.  
Oman now sits in front of a computer  
and I dangle my feet  
in the dry creek bed.

Katie Sloan (11)



## CLOSING THE DOOR

As I began to close the door, I looked around the four walls which had kept me safe for so much of my life. Although the once pink and green wallpaper had changed to blue a long time ago, and the once wooden furniture was now a gleaming wicker, the room itself remained the same to me. I thought of all of the people who had come through here, of all of the tears shed here, and of the laughter which I could still hear if I concentrated. I thought of the thousands of secrets shared by flashlight

under the covers of my bed, the long conversations spent discussing everything from math to boyfriends to the death of a loved one. I could see young girls making up silly dances, and young women getting ready for silly dances. Only I knew what a true haven this room had been, as it had been not only a room but my own personal safeguard against a world which I could not always face. Although my closet was now almost empty, my desk uncluttered for the first time since it had entered my room, and the pictures gone from my bureau, the room seemed more full to me than it ever had before, engulfed by the eighteen years which I had spent there. After one last lingering look, I took a deep breath, turned off the light and closed the door behind me.



*HALLE HAYES (12)*





*LINDSEY ORCUTT (12)*

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